

How Ye People Went Out to Hoodoo Ye Bass.

The morning of the 14th dawned with a cloudless sky, and extra early the city of Hillsboro seemed to be astir. Young men rushing to and fro, each with a string in his hand, and now and then a young lady flitting about with a basket upon her arm. Upon inquiring the cause of this commotion, we were informed that there was a fishing excursion on hand.

About 7 o'clock the "tooth doctor" and deputy sheriff passed up Church street, each armed with a long bamboo rod, which seemed to be the signal for the assembling of the fishermen.

As some of the elite failed to join us (could not walk so far), it was proposed that we procure wagons, but upon a discussion of the subject, it was unanimously decided—like true commonwealers—to tramp. Arriving at the top of Church Hill, a halt was called to await the arrival of some dilatory ones.

That the tramp, through sunshine and shade, through fields and groves, up hill and down vale, was enjoyable, is putting it tamely.

And here let us remark that we found a superabundance of adipose was no hindrance in getting over a fence.

The black flag was raised—no quarter to morose or misanthropic feelings. The old doctor demonstrated that there was life in the old man yet, and Mademoiselle Rose was the life of the occasion.

Arriving at the river the first thing was a search for bait. As the rocks were turned, a sudden scream indicated that a craw-fish had been aroused from his slumbers, and one young lady, more conversant with the fields than the water, in her excitement, called to her partner "to come quick and catch this ground-hog."

At this juncture Miss Emma K. was on the bank leaning against a tree, when a large black-snake, which lay coiled in the branches, tucked his head under Miss Emma's sun-down, and smacked his lips. To say that she did not rebuff such familiarity quickly, would be far from the truth. Mr. Henry P., in jealous rage at such liberties, took up the fight, and soon about six feet of the serpent was stretched on the ground "hors de combat."

In faith believing, his snakeship was hung on the fence.

Some time was spent in enticing the finny tribe with crawfish and hopper grass, but to no effect.

It is becoming monotonous!

But, listen!

The rumbling of a wagon is heard, the harbinger of the climax of the excursion!

The clans are called in!

Arriving at the mouth of Stamping Creek, under the shade of a tree, we find grandpa Nathan with the baskets, the fire kindled, trying pan hot, awaiting the fish; but where, oh where, were the fish?

Echó answers "where?" However, fried chicken took the place of the fish, and the dainties spread were fit for a king, and the way the provisions disappeared was an indisputable fact that ozone is a wonderful appetizer.

After the bones were cleared away and the twelve baskets of fragments were taken up, we were entertained with several songs rendered by Messrs. J. D. Payne and W. D. Clark.

To the river again!

One boat's crew, consisting of the Misses Hamill, W. D. Clark and S. J. Payne, rowed to the middle of the river, and after long and vain efforts to lure the wily bass, patience seems to reach its culmination. From a sparkle in the eyes of one of the young ladies you could see she had solved the mystery why the fish did not bite.

A Jonah aboard!

The boat makes a lurch and S. J. P. goes overboard!

He being short of stature, the water appeared rather deep as he waded ashore.

The following ladies answered to roll call: Misses Emma and Belle Hamill, of Md., Rose Shearer, Mattie and Ethel Curry, Maude and Virgie Eskridge, Georgia and Lillie Wysong, Willie Sydenstricker, Florence Smith, Blanche Harper, Rachel and Delia Payne, Nora, Lena, Jessie and Emma Kennison, Sallie Houltz.

As the snake had been hung up, it was bound to rain. The distant thunder was heard and the descent of the gentle shower admonished a quick retreat. All reached home safely, and thus closed one of the most enjoyable days of the season.

Historical Scraps.

The late Squire William McClintic, of Jackson's River, Bath county, was remarkable for his historical tastes, and his memory was very retentive. The writer is indebted to him for the following items about a certain Capt. Craven, who was stationed at Clover Lick in charge of scouts, who were to observe the movements of the Indians during the troubles of the French and Indian war, that culminated in Braddock's defeat.

He seems to have been fond of practical jokes. One was perpetrated at a person's expense, named Rambeau, a Quaker by profession. Rambeau and two servants, Peter and Joe, were put to work in a corn-field. The plan was for the servants to keep Rambeau busily talking.—Some persons were to shoot toward them from concealment, and the negroes were to pretend to be killed or wounded. The women in the fort were carefully informed of the fun going on, so as not to be frightened should Rambeau come in much excited.

When the firing occurred, and the negroes fell in their tracks, Rambeau gave the alarm and when he ran into the fort, a great stir was feigned. The drum beat, the alarm, and the soldiers were in quick readiness for resistance. A musket was offered Rambeau, but he refused it, saying he would trust to Providence. Upon being urged to defend the females and the innocent little children, exposed to the cruelty of the ferocious enemy, he still refused, saying it would be so much better to trust in Providence. Then Capt. Craven exclaimed, "Why did you not keep at your work in the field, then, and trust in Providence in the line of your duty?"

Upon another occasion, the Captain arranged for a little sport at the expense of two or three of the garrison, who were fond of talking about their superior courage.

He had them detailed one evening to guard the girls while milking the cows: One of the girls, who was in the secret, proposed a foot-race, with one of the guards. He accepted the challenge, the race was run, and she beat him to the cowpen. While all were off their guard, and were jeering the young man for not running better, the parties who were to personate the Indians, fired a volley and uttered the warwhoop in a terrific manner. Then one of the milk maids, when she found herself left by the guards became very much out of temper with the Captain for sending out such trifling men, who would not stand fire. All took to the fort and left the milking to itself.

When matters became composed, the Captain explained the affair, and administered a timely and effective reproof, by thus showing them how easily the Indians might have taken advantage of their carelessness.

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